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THE
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

A
COMIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN

BY JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq. *K*

Author of Tony Lumpkin in Town.—The Son-in-Law.—
The Dead Alive.—Agreeable Surprise.—Fontainebleau; or,
Our Way in France.—The Positive Man.—The Poor Sol-
dier.—Love in a Camp; or, Patrick in Prussia.—The Far-
mer.—The Young Quaker.—Beggar on Horseback.—
Peeping Tom.—The Prisoner at Large.—The Toy; or,
Hampton-Court Frolicks.—Wild Oats; or, The Strolling
Gentleman.—Little Hunchback.—The Siege of Curzola.—
Modern Antiques; or, The Merry Mourners.—The High-
land Reel.—Birth-Day; or, Prince of Arragon.—Sprigs of
Laurel.—The London Hermit; or, Rambles in Dorset-
shire.—The World in a Village, &c. &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

MDCCCIV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Scipio,	-	-	<i>Mr. Wilson.</i>
Don Cæsar, or (Ramirez)	-	-	<i>Mr. Reinbold.</i>
Don Fernando,	-	-	<i>Mr. Mattocks.</i>
Don Juan,	-	-	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
Don Alphonso,	-	-	<i>Mrs. Kenedy.</i>
Pedrillo,	-	-	<i>Mr. Edwin.</i>
Spado,	} Banditti	-	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Sanguino,		-	<i>Mr. Mahon.</i>
Calvette,		-	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Rapino,		-	
Philippo,	-	-	<i>Mr. Brett.</i>
Vasquez,	-	-	<i>Mr. Stevens.</i>
Lopez,	-	-	<i>Mr. Ledger.</i>
Victoria,			<i>Miss Harper.</i>
Lorenza,			<i>Signora Sestini.</i>
Isabella,			<i>Miss Platt.</i>
Catilina,			<i>Mrs. Wilson.</i>

Banditti, Servants, &c.

SCENE, Spain.

Time a Night and Morning.

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A Cavern with winding Stairs, and Recesses cut in the Rock; a large Lamp hanging in the Center, a Table, Wine, Fruits, &c. in disorder—At the head Don Cæsar, on each side Spado, Sanguino, Rapino, and others of the Banditti.—*

AIR I. *And* CHORUS.—DON CÆSAR.

HERE we sons of freedom dwell
In our friendly, rock-hewn cell;
Pleasure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way
Ever social great and free,
Valour guards our liberty.

A I R

Don Cæf. *Of severe and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils;
Dreary dungeons's iron jaws,
Oar and gibbet—Whips or wheels
Let's never think
While thus we drink
Sweet Muscadine!
O life divine!*

Chorus.—*Here we sons of freedom dwell, &c.*

Don Cæsar. *Come, Cavaliers, our carbines
are loaded, our hearts are light, charge your
glasses, Bacchus gives the word, and a volley
makes us immortal as the rosy god.—Fire!*

B

Spado.

Spado. Ay, Captain, this is noble firing, Oh, I love a volley of grape-shot—Are we to have any sky-light in our cave? (*looking at Sanguino's glass*)

Don Caesar. Oh, no! a brimmer round. Come, a good booty to us to-night. (*All drink.*)

Spado. Booty! Oh, I love to rob a fat Priest. —Stand, says I, and then I knock him down.

Sanguino. My nose bleeds. (*looks at his handkerchief*) I wonder what colour is a coward's blood!

Spado. Don't you see it's red?

Sanguino. Hah! call me coward, (*rises in fury*) Sirrah! Captain! Cavaliers! but this scar on my forehead contradicts the miscreant.

Spado. Scar on your forehead! Ay, you will look behind you when you run away.

Sanguino. I'll stab the villain—(*draws stiletto*) I will, by heaven.

Don Caesar. Poh, Sanguino! you know when a jest offers, Spado regards neither time, place nor person.

All. (*interposing*) Don't hurt little Spado!

Spado. (*biding behind*) No, don't hurt little Spado.

Sanguino. Run away! Armies have confess'd my valour—the time has been—but no matter! (*Sits*)

Don Caesar. Come, away with reflection on the past, or care for the future; the present is the golden moment of possession—Let us enjoy it.

All. Ay, ay, let us enjoy it.

Don Caesar. You know, Cavaliers, when I enter'd into this noble fraternity, I boasted only of a little courage sharpen'd by necessity, the result

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result of my youthful follies, a father's severity and the malice of a good natur'd dame.

Spado. Captain, here's a speedy walk-off to old women.

All. (Drink) Ha, ha, ha!

Don Cæs. When you did me the honor to elect me your captain, two conditions I stipulated—Tho' at war with the world abroad, unity and social mirth should preside over our little common-wealth at home.

Spado. Yes, but Sanguino's for no head—he'll have ours a common-wealth of fists and elbows.

Don Cæsar. The other, unless to preserve your own lives never commit a murder.

Spado. I murder'd since that—a bishop's coach-horse.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Don Cæsar. Hand me that red wine.

AIR II.—DON CÆSAR.

*Flow, thou regal purple stream,
Tinctur'd by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
Nooint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll love my clay,
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reign'd, but that was May.*

(Thunder.)

Don Cæsar. Hark, how distinct we hear the thunder through this vast body of earth and rock—Rapino, is Calvette above upon his post?

Rapino. Yes.

Don Cæsar. Spado, 'tis your business to relieve the centinel.

Spado. Relieve! what's the matter with him?

Don Cæsar. Come, come, no jesting with duty—'tis your watch.

Spado. Let the wolves watch for me—my duty is to get supper ready—(*Thunder*). Go up! O'd's fire, do you think I am a Salamander? D'ye hear!

Sanguino. No sport I fear.

Don Cæsar. Then call Calvette, lock down the trap-door, and get us some more wine from the cistern.

Spado. Wine! Ay, Captain, and this being a night of peace we'll have a dish of olives.

Sanguino. No peace! we'll up and scour the forest presently. But well thought on, a rich old fellow, one Don Scipio has lately come to reside in the castle on the skirts of the forest—what say you to plunder there?

Don Cæsar. Not to night—I know my time—I have my reasons—I shall give command on that business. But where's the stranger we brought in at our last excursion?

Rapino. He reposes in yonder recess.

Spado. Ay, egad, there he lies with a face as innocent—(*Aside.*) If my fellow-rooks wou'd but fly off—I'd have the pidgeon here within all to myself.

Calvette. (*appears at the top of the winding stairs with a lantern*) A booty!

Sanguino. Good news, Cavaliers; here comes Calvette.

Calvette. A booty!

Sanguino. What! where?

Calvette.

Calvette. Soft—but one man!

Sanguino. But one man! Is he alone?

Calvette. Quite.

Spado. One man and alone—that's odd!

Calvette. He seems in years, but his habit,
(as well as I could distinguish,) speaks him noble,
(*descends*)

Don Caesar. Then he'll fight. My arms!

Spado. Oh, he'll fight—Get my arms—no,
my legs will do for me. (*aside*)

Sanguino. Come, my carbine—quick!

Don Caesar. To the attack of one man—
paltry! Only you, *Calvette*, *Sanguino*, *Rapino*
and *Spado* go, the rest prepare for our general
excursion.

Spado. Captain, don't send me; indeed I'm
too rash!

Don Caesar. Come, come, leave buffoonery
and to your duty.

[*Calvette and Rapino ascend, the rest go in
at several recesses, Spado, the last, ascends
up slowly.*]

Enter ALPHONSO.

Alphonso. I find myself somewhat refresh'd by
my slumber; at such a time to fall into the
hands of these ruffians, how unlucky! I'm pent
up here; my rival *Fernando*, once my friend,
reaches *Don Scipio's Castle*, weds my charming
Victoria, and I lose her for ever; but if I could
secure an interview, love should plead my cause.

AIR

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

AIR III.—ALPHONSO.

*The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind;
Yet his heart, with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.*

*To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger
In a rival, left at home.*

Spado returns down the stairs.

Spado. (Aside.) Now for some talk with our prisoner here—Stay, are they all out of ear-shot? How the poor bird sings in its cage! I know more of his affairs than he thinks of by overhearing his conversation at the inn at Lorea.

Alphonso. How shall I escape from these rascals!—Oh, here is one of the gentlemen. Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty—

Spado. No liberty for you—Yet upon certain conditions, indeed—give me your hand.

Alphonso. (Aside.) Impudent scoundrel!

Spado. Signor, I wish to serve you, and serve you I will; but I must know the channel before I make for the coast, therefore to examine you with the pious severity of an holy Inquisitor, who the devil are you?

Alphonso. A pious adjuration truly! *(aside.)* Sir, my name is Alphonso, and I am son of a banker at Madrid.

Spado. Banker! Oh! I thought he sung like a young gold-finch.

Alphonso. Perhaps by trusting this fellow I may make my escape—

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Spado. I'll convince him I know his secrets, and then I hold his purse-strings.

Alphonso. You won't betray me?

Spado. Honor among thieves.

Alphonso. Then you must know when your gang attack'd me yesterday evening—

Spado. You were posting full gallop to Don Scipio's castle on the confines of the forest here.

Alphonso. Hey! then perhaps you know my passion for—

Spado. Donna Victoria his daughter.

Alphonso. Then you know that she's contracted—

Spado. To your friend Don Fernando de Zelva, who is now on his journey to the castle, and to the destruction of your hopes, weds the lady on his arrival.

Alphonso. True, while I am pent up in this cursed cavern, but how you got my story, I—

Spado. No matter! I could let you out of this cursed cavern.

Alphonso. And will you?

Spado. Ah, our trap-door above requires a golden key.

Alphonso. Your comrades have not left me a piastre.

Spado. Will you give me an order on your father's bank for fifty pieces, and I'll let you out?

Alphonso. You shall have it.

Spado. A bargain. I'll secure your escape.

Enter

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

Enter DON CÆSAR (behind).

Don Cæsar. How's this!

Spado. Zounds, the Captain Ramirez! (*aside.*)
Aye, you dog, I'll secure you from an escape!
Do you think I'd set you at liberty without the
Captain's orders? Betray my trust for a bribe!
What the devil do you take me for? (*in a seem-
ing rage.*) Oh, Captain, I didn't see you.

Don Cæsar. What's the matter?

Spado. Nothing, only our prisoner here was
mistaken in his man—that's all. Let you escape,
indeed!

Alphonso. Here's a rascal!

Spado. Rascal! D'ye hear him? he has been
abusing me this half hour, because I would not
convey him out without your knowledge. Oh,
what offers he did make me! but my integrity
is proof against Gallions, Escurials, Perus, and
Mexico's.

Don Cæsar. Begone instantly to your comrades.
(*SPADO ascends.*)

Signor, no occasion to tamper with my com-
panions; you shall owe your liberty to none but
me. Some particulars of your story, which I
had from Spado, have engag'd me in your inte-
rest—to be free, up in the open air would you
venture—ha! ha! ha!—not afraid of a sprinkle
of rain or a flash of lightning—ha! ha! ha!
No, no. Well, without consulting my brethren
here, soon as they shall fall forth, I'll convey
you to the cottage of the vines, belonging to
the peasant Philipppo, not far from Don Scipio's
castle; there you may rest in safety to night,
and—

Alphonso.

Alphonso. Ah, Captain! no rest for me.

Don Caesar. Look ye Signor, I am a ruffian, perhaps worse, but venture to trust me—A pick-lock may be used to get to a treasure—don't wish to know more of me than I now chuse to tell you, but, if your mistress loves you as well as you seem to love her, to-morrow night she's yours.

Alphonso. My good friend!

Don Caesar. Now for Philippo—I don't suppose you wish to see any of our work above, ha! ha! ha!—Well, well, I was once a lover, but now

AIR. IV. DON CÆSAR.

*On by the spur of valour goaded,
Pistols prim'd and carbines loaded,
Courage strikes on hearts of steel;*

*While each spark
Through the dark
Gloom of night,
Lends a clear and cheering light,
Who, a fear or doubt can feel?*

*Like serpents now, through thickets creeping.
Then on our prey, like lions, leaping!*

*Calvette to the onset lead us,
Let the wand'ring trav'ler dread us!*

*Struck with terror and amaze,
While our swords with lightning blaze. (Thunder.)
Thunder to our carbines roaring,
Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,
Each a free and revving blade,
Ours a free and revving trade,
To the onset let's away,
Valour calls, and we obey.*

Exeunt.

C.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Forest, (a stormy night.)**Enter FERNANDO.*

Fernando. (Pedrillo calling.) What a dreadful night, and horrid place to be benighted! Pedrillo!—I fear I've lost my servant, but, by the pace I rode since I left Ecceija, Don Scipio's castle can't be very far distant—this was to have been my wedding night, if I arriv'd there. Pedrillo! Pedrillo! (*calling.*)

Pedrillo. (Within) Sir!

Fernando. Where are you, sirrah?

Pedrillo. Quite astray, Sir.

Fernando. This way.

Enter PEDRILLO (Groping his way).

Pedrillo. Any body's way, for I have lost my own—Do you see me, Sir?

Fernando. No, indeed, Pedrillo! (*Lightning.*)

Pedrillo. You saw me then, Sir. (*Thunder.*) Ah, this must frighten the mules, they'll break their bridles; I tied the poor beasts to a tree.

Fernando. Well, we may find 'em in the morning, if they escape the banditti which I am told infests this forest.

Pedrillo. Banditti! (*A shot without.*) Ah! we are dead men.

Fernando. Somebody in trouble!

Pedrillo. No, somebody's troubles are over.

Fernando. Draw, and follow me, Pedrillo.

Pedrillo. Lord, Sir! ha'nt we troubles enough of our own?

Fernando.

Fernando. Follow! Who can deny assistance to his fellow-creature in distress? (*Draws.*)

Exit.

Pedrillo. What fine creatures these gentlemen are! But for me, I am a poor, mean, rascally servant—so I'll ev'n take my chance with the mules.

AIR V. PEDRILLO.

*A master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily, gaily, gambo raily,
Giggling, niggling,
Gallop'ing galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.*

*I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
Gallop'ing, dreary dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away.
With our haily, &c.*

*We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her, &c.*

*We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone astray,
With your, &c.*

*Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our, &c.*

*My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
With my, &c.*

C 2

Exit.

SCENE III. *A thicker part of the forest. Large tree and stone cross.*

Enter Don Scipio, attacked by Sanguino, Rapino, and Calvette.

Sanguino. Now, Rapino, lop off his sword-arm.

Don Scipio. Forbear! there's my purse, you rascals! *(Throws it down.)*

Sanguino. Fire!

Spado. *(peeping from the large tree.)* No, don't fire.

Sanguino. I am wounded, hew him to pieces!
[as Don Scipio is nearly overpowered.]

Enter FERNANDO.

Fernando. Ha! what murderous ruffians!

[engages the Banditti who precipitately disperse several ways.]

Spado. Holloa! the forest is furrounded with Inquisitors, Alquazils, Corrigidores and holy fathers.

Don Scipio. Oh, I hav'nt fought so much these twenty years.

Spado. Eh, we have lost the field, cursed dark; tho' I think I could perceive but one man come to the relief of our old Don here.

Don Scipio. But where are you, Signor? Approach my brave deliverer.

Spado. So here's a victory and nobody to claim it! I think I'll go down and pick up the laurel. *(descends from the tree.)* I'll take the merit of this exploit, I may get something by it.

Don

Don Scipio. I long to thank, embrace, worship this generous stranger as my guardian angel.

Spado. (Aside.) I may pass for this angel in the dark—Villains, scoundrels! robbers, to attack an honest old gentleman on the King's Highway! but I made the dogs scamper!

[Vapouring about.]

Don Scipio. Oh, dear! this is my preserver!

Spado. Who's there? Oh, you are the worthy old gentleman I rescued from these rascal banditti.

Don Scipio. Noble, valiant stranger—I—

Spado. No thanks, Signor, I have sav'd your life and a good action rewards itself.

Don Scipio. A gallant fellow faith—Eh, as well as I cou'd distinguish in the dark, you look'd much taller just now? *(looking close at him.)*

Spado. When I was fighting? true, anger rises me—I always appear six foot in a passion; besides my hat and plume added to my height.

Don Scipio. (by accident treading on the purse.) Hey, the rogues have run off without my purse too.

Spado. Purse, O, ho! *(aside.)*—What, I have sav'd your purse as well as your precious life! Well, of a poor fellow, I am the luckiest dog in all Spain.

Don Scipio. Poor! Good friend, accept this purse as a small token of my gratitude.

Spado. Nay, dear Sir!

Don Scipio. You shall take it.

Spado. Lord, I am so awkward at taking a purse. *(Takes it.)*

Don Scipio. Hey, if I cou'd find my cane too
I dropt

I dropt it somewhere hereabouts when I drew to defend myself. (*looking about.*)

Spado. Zounds! I fancy here comes the real conqueror—no matter—I've got the spoils of the field. (*aside, chinks the purse and retires.*)

Don Scipio. Ah, my amber-headed cane! (*still looking about.*)

Re-enter FERNANDO.

Fernando. The villains!

Don Scipio. Ay, you made 'em fly like pigeons, my little game-cock!

Fernando. Oh, I fancy this is the gentleman that was attack'd. Not hurt, I hope, Sir?

Don Scipio. No, I'm a tough old blade—Oh, gadso, well thought on—feel if there's a ring on the purse, it's a relick of my deceas'd lady, it's with some regret I ask you to return it.

Fernando. Return what, Sir?

Don Scipio. A ring you'll find on the purse.

Fernando. Ring and purse! really, Sir, I don't understand you.

Don Scipio. Well, well, no matter—A mercenary fellow! (*aside.*)

Fernando. The old gentleman has been robb'd, and is willing that I should reimburse his losses.

[*aside.*

Don Scipio. It grows lighter: I think I can distinguish the path I lost—follow me, my hero, and—(*as going suddenly turns and looks steadfastly at Fernando.*) Zounds, Signor, I hope you are not in a passion, but I think you look six foot high again.

Fernando. A strange, mad old fellow this!

[*aside.*

Don

Don Scipio. These rascals may rally, so come along to my castle, and my daughter Victoria shall welcome the preserver of her father.

Fernando. Your daughter, Victoria! Then, perhaps, Sir, you are Don Scipio, my intended father-in-law?

Don Scipio. Eh! Why, zounds! is it possible that you can be my expected son, Fernando?

Fernando. The same, Sir, and was on my journey to your Castle when benighted in the forest here.

Don Scipio. Oh, my dear boy! (*embraces him.*) Damn'd mean of him to take my purse tho'—(*aside.*) Ah, Fernando, you were resolv'd to touch some of your wife's fortune before-hand.

Fernando. Sir—I—

Don Scipio. Hush! You have the money and keep it: aye, and the ring too; I'm glad it's not gone out of the family—Hey, it grows lighter—Come!

Fernando. My rascal Pedrillo is fall'n asleep somewhere.

Don Scipio. No, we're not safe here—Come then, my dear—brave valiant—Curs'd paltry to take my purse tho'. (*aside.*) [*Exeunt.*

Spado. (*who had been listening, advances.*) So then our old gentleman is father to Victoria, my young banker Alphonso's mistress, and the other is Fernando his dreaded rival—this is the first time they ever saw each other too—He has a servant too, and his name Pedrillo—a thought strikes me, if I could by cross paths but get to the castle before 'em, I'll raise a most delicious commotion—In troubled waters I throw
my

my fishing-hook—(*Whistle without.*) Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm engag'd.

[*Exit. A distant whistle heard without.*]

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in Scipio's castle.*

Enter VICTORIA and CATILINA.

Catilina. Nay, dear madam, do not submit to go into the nunnery.

Victoria. Yes, Catilina, my father desires I should take the veil, and a parent's voice is the call of heaven!

Catilina. Heav'n! Well, tho' the fellows swear I'm an angel, this world is good enough for me—Dear Ma'm, I wish I cou'd but once see you in love.

Victoria. Heigh ho! Catilina, I wonder what sort of gentleman this Don Fernando is, who is contracted to me, and hourly expected at the castle!

Catilina. A beautiful man, I warrant—But, Ma'm, you're not to have him. Hush! Dame Isabel, not content with making your father by flights and ill usage, force your brother, poor Don Cæsar, to run about the world in the Lord knows what wild courses, but she now has persuaded the old gentleman to pass her daughter on Don Fernando for you—There, yonder she is flaunting, so be-jewell'd and be-plum'd—Well, if I was you, they might take my birth-right—but my husband—take my man—the deuce shall take them first! Ah, no! if I ever do go to heav'n I'll have a smart lad in my company. Send you to a nunnery!

Victoria. Was my fond mother alive!—Catilina, my father will certainly marry this Dame Isabel;

Isabel; I'm now an alien to his affections, bereft of every joy and every hope, I shall quit the world without a sigh.

AIR V.—VICTORIA,

*Ah, solitude, take my distress,
My griefs I'll unbosom to thee,
Each sigh thou can'st gently repress,
Thy silence is music to me.*

*Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
For peace let me fly the gay throng,
To soften my sorrows I sing
Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.*

[Exit VICTORIA.]

Catilina. I quit this castle as soon as ever Donna Victoria enters a nunnery—Shall I go with her? No, I was never made for a nun—Aye, I'll back to the vineyard, and if my sweetheart, Philippo, is as fond as ever, who knows—I was his queen of all the girls, tho' the charming youth was the guitar, flute, fiddle and hautboy of our village.

D

AIR

AIR VI.—CATILINA.

*Like my dear swain, no youth you'd see
So blythe, so gay, so full of glee,
In all our village who but he*

*To foot it up so featly—
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon
For every tune,
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.*

*While round him in the jocund ring,
We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing,
Of May, the youth was chosen king
He caught our ears so neatly.*

*Such music rare,
In his guitar,
But touch his flute
The crowd was mute,
His only boon
For every tune,
To kiss us round so sweetly.* [Exit.

Enter VASQUEZ, introducing SPADO.

Vasquez. I'll inform dame Isabel, Sir—please to wait a moment. [Exit VASQUEZ.

Spado. Sir!—This dame Isabel is, it seems, a widow-gentlewoman, whom Don Scipio has retain'd ever since the death of his lady, as supreme directress over his family, has such an ascendancy, prevail'd on him, ev'n to drive his own son out of his house, and, ha, ha, ha! is now drawing the old Don into a matrimonial noose,

noose, ha, ha, ha! Egad, I am told, rules the roast here in the castle—Yes, yes, she's my mark—Hem! Now for my story, but my scheme is up if I tell here a single truth—Ah, no fear of that.—Oh, this way she moves—

Enter Dame ISABEL and VASQUEZ.

Isabella. Don Scipio not return'd! A foolish old man, rambling about at this time of night! Stay, Vasquez, where's this strange, ugly, little fellow you said wanted to speak with me?

Vasquez. (confused.) Madam, I did not say—

Spado. No matter, young man—Hem!

[Exit VASQUEZ.]

Isabella. Well, Sir, pray who are you?

Spado. (bowing obsequiously.) Madam, I have the honor to be confidential servant and secretary to Don Juan, father to Don Fernando de Zelva.

Isabella. Don Fernando! Heav'ns! is he arrived? Here, Vasquez, Lopez, Diego! *(calling.)*

Spado. Hold, madam; he's not arriv'd! Most sagacious lady, please to lend your attention for a few moments to an affair of the highest importance to Don Scipio's family. My young master is coming—

Isabella. Well, Sir!

Spado. Incog.

Isabella. Incog!

Spado. Madam, you shall hear—*(aside)* Now for a lie worth twenty pistoles—The morning before his departure, Don Fernando calls me into his closet, and shutting the door, Spado, says he, you know this obstinate father of mine has engag'd me to marry a lady I have never

seen, and to-morrow, by his order I set out for Don Scipio her father's castle for that purpose; but, says he, striking his breast with one hand, twisting his mustachios with the other, and turning up his eyes—if, when I see her, she don't hit my fancy—I'll not marry her, by the —!! I shan't mention his oath before you, madam.

Isabella. No, pray don't, Sir.

Spado. Therefore, says he, I design to dress Pedrillo, my arch dog of a valet, in a suit of my clothes, and he shall personate me at Don Scipio's castle, while I, in a livery, pass for him—If I like the lady, I resume my own character and take her hand, if not, the deceit continues, and Pedrillo weds Donna Victoria, just to warn parental tyranny how it dares to clap up marriage without consulting our inclinations.

Isabella. Here's a discovery! so then, it's my poor child that must have fall'n into this snare—(*aside.*) Well, good Sir!

Spado. And, (continued he) Spado, I appoint you my trusty spy in this Don Scipio's family; to cover our designs, let it be a secret that you belong to me, and I shan't seem even to know you—You'll easily get a footing in the family, says he, by imposing some lie or other upon a foolish woman I'm told is in the castle, Dame Isabel, I think they call her.

Isabella. He shall find I am not so easily impos'd upon.

Spado. I said so, madam; says I, a lady of Dame Isabel's wisdom must soon find me out was I to tell her a lie.

Isabella. Ay, that I should, Sir.

Enter

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vasquez. Oh, Madam! my master is return'd and Don Fernando de Zelva with him.

Exit VASQUEZ.

Isabella. Don Fernando! Oh, then, this is the rascally Valet, but I'll give him a welcome with a vengeance!

Spado. Hold, Madam! Suppose for a little sport, you seem to humour the deceit, only to see how the fellow acts his part, he'll play the gentleman very well I'll warrant; the dog is an excellent mimic, for, you must know, Ma'am, this Pedrillo's mother was a Gypsy, his father a Merry Andrew to a Mountebank, and he himself five years Trumpeter to a company of Strolling Players.

Isabella. So, I was likely to have a hopeful son-in-law—Good Sir, we are eternally indebted to you for this timely notice of the imposition.

Spado. Madam, I've done the common duties of an honest man—I have been long in the family and can't see my master making such a fool of himself without endeavouring to prevent any mischance in consequence.

Isabella. Dear Sir, I beseech you be at home under this roof, pray be free, and want for nothing the house affords.

Spado. (*Bows.*) Good Madam! Ill want for nothing I can lay my fingers on. (*aside.*)

(*Exit SPADO.*)

Isabella. Heav'ns! what an honest soul it is! what a lucky discovery! Oh, here comes my darling girl!

Enter

Enter LORENZA, (magnificently dress'd.)

Lorenza. Oh, cara Madre! See, behold!—Can I fail of captivating Don Fernando? Don't I look charming?

Isabella. Why, Lorenza, I must say the toilet has done it's duty, I'm glad to see you in such spirits, my dear child!

Lorenza. Spirits! ever gay, ever sprightly, cheerful as a lark—but, my dear mother—

Isabella. Mother! Hush, my dear! you forget you are now to pass for Donna Victoria, Don Scipio's daughter; and for that purpose, my love, I had you brought from Italy—It seems your young Madrid Lover, Alphonso too, thinks you Victoria; but you must forget him, child.

Lorenza. Yes—but how shall I forget my Florence Lover, my dear Ramirez? I love him, Alphonso loves me, and here for the sake of Fortune must I give my hand to this Don Fernando, when there can't possibly be any love on either side.

Isabella. I request, my dear, you'll not think of this Ramirez—ev'n from your own account of him, he must be a person of most dissolute principles—fortunately he knows you only by your name of Lorenza, I hope he won't find you out here.

Lorenza. Then, farewell, loving Alphonso—Adieu, belov'd Ramirez! In obedience to your commands, Madam, I shall accept of this Don Fernando; and as a husband, I will love him if I can—

AIR

AIR VII. LORENZA.

*Love! gay illusion!
Pleasing delusion,
With sweet intrusion,
Possesses the mind.*

*Love with love meeting
Passion is fleeting;
Vows in repeating
We trust to the wind.*

*Faith to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted;
Hearts often slighted
Will cease to be kind.*

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vasquez. Madam—my master and Don Fernando.

Isabella. Has Don Fernando a servant with him?

Vasquez. No, Madam.

Isabella. Oh, when he comes, take notice of him.

Enter DON SCIPIO and FERNANDO.

Don Scipio. Oh, my darling dame, and my delicate daughter, bless your stars that you see poor old Scipio alive again—Behold my son-in-law and the preserver of my life—Don Fernando, there's your spouse, and this is Donna Isabella, a lady of vast merit, of which my heart is sensible.

Fernando.

Fernando. Madam! (*salutes.*)

Isabella. What an impudent fellow! (*aside.*)

Don Scipio. Dear Fernando, you are as welcome to this castle as flattery to a lady, but there she is—bill and coo—embrace, caress her.

(*FERNAND salutes LORENZA.*)

Lorenza. If I had never seen Ramirez, I should think the man tolerable enough! (*aside.*)

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! this shall be the happy night—Eh, Dame Isabel, by our agreement, before the lark sings I take possession of this noble tenement.

Fernando. Don Scipio, I hop'd to have the honour of seeing your son.

Don Scipio. My son! Who, Cæsar? Oh, Lord! He's—He was a—turn'd out a profligate—Sent him to Italy—got into bad company—don't know what's become of him—My dear friend, if you would not offend me, never mention Don Cæsar in my hearing. Egad—Eh, my dainty dame, is not Don Fernando a fine fellow!

Isabella. Yes, he's well enough for a trumpeter.

Don Scipio. Trumpeter! (*with surprise.*) what the devil do you mean by that? Oh, because I found his praise; but, Madam, he's a cavalier of noble birth, title, fortune, and valour—

Isabella. Don Scipio, aword if you please.

(*takes him aside.*)

Lorenza. (*To Fernando.*) Si, Signor, our castle here is rather a gloomy mansion when compared to the beautiful Cassino's on the banks of the Arno.

Fernando. Arno! true, Don Scipio said in his letter, that his daughter had been bred at Florence.

Lorenza. You have had an unpleasant journey, Signor.

Fernando. I have encountered some difficulties by the way, it is true, Madam; but am amply repaid by the honour and happiness I now enjoy. *(Bows.)*

Lorenza. Sir!—I swear he's a polite cavalier. *(Aside.)* Won't you please to sit, Sir? I fancy you must be somewhat weary. *(Sits.)*

Don Scipio. What the devil! Eh, sure—what this fellow only Don Fernando's footman! how! it can't be!

Isabella. A fact; and presently you'll see Don Fernando himself in livery.

Don Scipio. Look at the impudent son of a gypsey—Sat himself down—Zounds! I'll—

Isabella. Hold! let him play off a few of his airs.

Don Scipio. A footman! Ay, this accounts for his behaviour in the forest—Don Fernando would never have accepted my purse—*(Taps his shoulder.)* Hey, what, you've got there!

Fernando. Will you please to sit, Sir? *(rises)*

Don Scipio. Yes, he looks like a trumpeter. *(Aside)* You may sit down, friend.

(with contempt.)

Fernando. A strange old gentleman!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vasquez. Sir, your servant, Pedrillo, is arriv'd.

[Exit VASQUEZ.]

E

Isabella.

Ifabella. Servant Pedrillo! Ay, this is Fernando himself. (*Apart joyfully to SCIPIO.*)

Fernando. Oh, then the fellow has found his way at last. Don Scipio—Ladies—excuse me a moment. [*Exit FERNANDO.*]

Lorenza. What a charming fellow!

Don Scipio. What an impudent rascal!

Pedrillo. (*Without.*) Is my master this way?

Don Scipio. Master! Ay, this is Fernando.

Enter PEDRILLO, (with a Portmanteau.)

Pedrillo. Oh, dear! I've got among the gentlefolks, I ask pardon.

Ifabella. How well he does look and act the servant!

Don Scipio. Admirable! Yet I perceive the grandee under the livery.

Ifabella. Please to sit, Sir. (*with great respect.*)

Lorenza. A livery servant sit down by me!

Don Scipio. Pray sit down, Sir. (*cereemoniously.*)

Pedrillo. Sit down. (*Sits.*) Oh, these must be the upper servants of the family—her ladyship here is the housekeeper, I suppose—the young tawdry tit, lady's maid—(hey, her mistress throws off good clothes) and old Whiskers Don Scipio's butler. (*aside.*)

Enter FERNANDO.

Fernando. Pedrillo! how! seated? what means this disrespect?

Pedrillo. Sir. (*Rises to him.*) Old Whiskers the butler *there*, asked me to sit down by Signora, the waiting-maid, *here*.

Fernando. Sirrah!

Pedrillo.

Pedrillo. Yes, Sir.

Don Scipio. Sir, and firrah ! how rarely they act their parts. I'll give 'em an item tho' that I understand the plot of their comedy. [*Aside.*]

AIR VIII.—QUINTETTO.

D. Scipio. *Signor ! (to Pedrillo)*
 Your wits must be keener,
 Our prudence to elude,
 Your fine plot,
 Tho' so pat,
 Will do you little good.

Pedrillo. *My fine plot !*
 I'm a sot,
 If I know what
 These gentlefolks are at:

Fernando. *Past the perils of the night,*
 Tempests, darkness, rude alarms ;
 Phæbus rises clear and bright,
 In the lustre of your charms.

Lorenza. *O, charming, I declare,*
 So polite a cavalier !
 He understands the duty,
 And homage due to beauty.

D. Scipio. *Bravo ! O bravissimo !*

Lorenza. *Cara ! O carissimo !*
 How sweet his honey words,
 How noble is his mien !

D. Scipio. *Fine feathers make fine birds,*
 The footman's to be seen.
 But both deserve a basting !

Pedrillo. *Since morning I've been fasting.*

D. Scipio. *Yet I could laugh for anger.*

Pedrillo. *Oh, I could cry for hunger.*

D. Scipio. *I could laugh,*

Pedrillo. *I could cry.*

D. Scipio. *I could quaff,*

Pedrillo. *So could I.*

D. Scipio. *Ha, ha, ha! I'm in a fit.*
Pedrillo. *Oh, I could pick a little bit.*
D. Scipio. *Ha, ha, ha!*
Pedrillo. *Oh, oh, oh!*
Lorenza. *A very pleasant party!*
Fernando. *A whimsical reception!*
D. Scipio. *A whimsical deception!*
 But master and man, accept a welcome hearty.
Fernando. } *Accept our thanks sincere, for such a welcome*
Pedrillo. } *hearty.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An antique Apartment in the Castle.**Enter DON CÆSAR (with precaution.)*

Don Cæsar. **T**HUS far I've got into the castle unperceiv'd—I'm certain Sanguino means the old gentleman a mischief, which nature bids me endeavour to prevent. I saw the rascal slip in at the postern below; but where can he have got to! (*A sliding pannel opens in the wainscot, and Sanguino comes out.*) Yes, yonder he issues like a rat or a spider.—How now, Sanguino!

Sanguino. Captain Ramirez!

Don Cæsar. On enterprize without my knowledge! What's your business here?

Sanguino. Revenge! Look—(*shews a stiletto.*) if I meet Don Scipio—

Don Cæsar. A stiletto! I command you to quit your purpose.

Sanguino. What, no satisfaction for my wound last night, and lose my booty too!

Don Cæsar. Your wound was chance—Put up—We shall have noble booty here, and that's our business—But you seem to know your ground here, Sanguino?

Sanguino. I was formerly Master of the Horse to Count D'Olive the last resident here, so am well acquainted with the galleries, lobbies, windings, turnings, and every secret lurking place in the castle.

Don Caesar. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I have hopes on our booty here, we can afford to laugh at past dangers.

AIR IX.—DON CÆSAR.

*As homeward from the neighb'ring fair
His grain well sold, dispell'd his care,
With jocund haste the thrifty swain
Trips o'er the mead and skims the plain,
He stops! He views---Oh, dire amaze!
His flock, his cottage all a blaze!*

*But hast'ning on he looks around,
The heath's on fire---to clear his ground.
His jovial friends to meet him come,
And chaunt the chearful welcome home;
With heart-felt joy the sound he hears,
And laughs away his former fears.*

I mist Spado at the muster this morning—did he quit the cave with you?

Spado. (without) As sure as I'm alive it's fact, Sir,—

Don Caesar. Isn't that Spado's voice?

Sanguino. Impossible!

Don Caesar. Hush!

[They retire.]

Enter

Enter Don Scipio and Spado.

Don Scipio. Yes, I've heard of such places; but you say you've been in the cave where these ruffian banditti live?

Spado. Most certainly, sir; for after having robb'd me of five hundred Doubloons, the wicked rogues barbarously stripp'd, tied me neck and heels, threw me across a mule like a sack of corn, and led me blindfold to their cursed cavern.

Don Scipio. Ah, poor fellow!

Spado. There, Sir, in this skulking hole the villains live in all manner of debauchery, and dart out upon the innocent traveller like beasts of prey.

Don Scipio. Oh, the tygers! just so they fast'ned upon me last night, but your fellow servant Pedrillo, our sham Fernando, and I, made 'em run like hares; I gave him my purse for his trouble.

Spado. And he took it! what a mean fellow!—you ought not to have ventur'd out unarm'd—I always take a blunderbuss when I go upon the road—the rascal banditti are most infernal cowards.

Don Scipio. What a glorious thing to deliver these reprobates into the hands of justice.

Spado. Ah, Sir, 'twoud be a blessed affair—Oh, I'd hang 'em up like mad dogs!

Don Scipio. Well, you say you know the cave?

Spado. Yes, yes, I slipp'd the handkerchief from my eyes and took a peep, made particular observations of the spot; so get a strong guard,

guard, and I'll lead you to the very trap-door of their den.

Don Scipio. Egad, then we'll surprize them, and you'll have the pray'rs of the whole country, my honest friend.

Spado. Heav'n knows, Sir, I have no motives for this discovery but the publick good, so I expect the country will order me a hundred pistoles as a reward for my honesty.

Don Caesar. Here's a pretty dog! (*apart.*)

Sanguino. Ay, ay, he han't long to live.

[*apart.*]

Don Scipio. An hundred pistoles!

Spado. Sir, have an eye upon their Captain as they call him, he's the most abandon'd, impudent, profligate—(*suddenly turning sees Cæsar, who shews a pistol.*) Captain did I say. (*terrified.*) Oh, no; the Captain's a very worthy good natur'd fellow—I meaht a scoundrel, who thinks he ought to be Captain, one Sanguino, the most daring, wicked and bloody villain that—(*turning the other way perceives Sanguino with a pistol.*) but indeed, I found Sanguino an honest good natur'd fellow too—(*with increased terror.*)

Don Scipio. Hey, a bloody, wicked, honest, good-natur'd fellow! what is all this?

Spado. Yes; then, Sir, I *thought*, I saw these two gentlemen, and at that instant, I *thought* they looked so terrible, that with the fright, I *awoke*.

Don Scipio. Awoke! what the devil then, is all this but a dream you have been telling me?

Spado. Ay, sir, and the most frightful dream I ever had in my life. I'm at this instant fright'ned out of my wits.

Don

Don Scipio. You do look frighten'd indeed—
poor man! I thought this cave was—

Spado. Don't mention cave or I faint—
heigho!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vasquez. Dame Isabel wants to speak with
you, Sir.

Don Scipio. I'll wait on her.

Spado. Yes, I'll wait on her. (*going hastily.*)

Don Scipio. You! she don't want you.

Spado. Dear Sir, she can't do without me at
this time. [*Exit SCIPIO.*]

I come. (*going.*)

Don Caesar. No, you stay.—(*pulls him back.*)

Spado. Ah, my dear Captain. (*affecting surprise and joy.*) What, and my little Sanguino
too! Who cou'd have thought of your finding
me out here!

Don Caesar. Yes, you are found out.

[*significantly.*]

Spado. Such discoveries as I have made in the
castle!—

Don Caesar. You're to make discoveries in the
forest too.

Sanguino. Our cave!

Spado. Oh, you overheard that! Didn't I
hum the old fellow finely? Ha, ha, ha!

Sanguino. And for your reward, traitor, take
this to your heart. [*Offers to stab him.*]

Don Caesar. Hold, Sanguino.

Spado. Nay, my dear Sanguino, stay! What
the devil—So here, I can't run a jest upon a
filly old man, but I must be run thro' with a
stilletto!

F

Don

Don Caesar. Come, Spado, confess what really brought you here.

Spado. Business, my dear Sir, business, all in our own way too, for I design'd to let every man of you into the castle this very night, when all the family are in bed, and plunder's the word—Oh, such a delicious booty! pyramids of plate, bags of gold, and little chests of diamonds!

Sanguino. Indeed!

Spado. Sanguino, look at that closet.

Sanguino. Well!

Spado. A glorious prize!

Sanguino. Indeed!

Spado. Six chests of massy plate! Look, only look into the closet; wait here a moment, and I'll fetch a master-key that shall open every one of them.

Don Caesar. Hey! Let's see those chests.

Sanguino. Massy plate! Quick, quick, the master-key.

Spado. I'll fetch it.

Sanguino. Do, but make haste, Spado.

Spado. I will, my dear boy.

[*Exit SANGUINO into the closet.*]

My good—honest—Oh, you two thieves! (*aside.*)

[*Exit SPADO.*]

Don Caesar. Yes, I'll avail myself of the power my influence over our Banditti has put into my hands; by heav'n, this night shall give me possession of the castle; I'll see if terror can't restore that right of which injustice has depriv'd me—perform my promise to Alphonso, quit my honest companions—carry my spoil to Florence, and with my fond little Lorenza enjoy the delights of love and competence.

Re-enter

Re enter SANGUINO.

Sanguino. A valuable booty, I dare say, Captain.

Don Caesar. (Looking in.) Ay, to judge by the form of the chests they do seem full of clumsy old plate.

Sanguino. If we can but convey it off.

Don Caesar. Yes, but I insist, Sanguino, no more of the poniard.

Sanguino. It's sheath'd—Enough—But, Captain, if this little rascal, Spado, should turn informer and discover us, I must—

Scipio. (without.) I'll be with you presently, Dame.

Don Caesar. Away, away to your lurking place.

Sanguino. Yes, yes, those pregnant chests must be delivered.

[hastily retire into pannel.]

Enter Don SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Now, Spado, I—hey, where is my little dreamer? but why is this door open; this closet contains many valuables—Why will they leave it open? Let's see—*(goes into the closet.)*

Enter SPADO (with a portmanteau.)

Spado. (as entering.) I have no key—However I have stol'n Don Fernando's portmanteau as a peace-offering for these two rascals! Are you there? What a pity the coming of my fellow-rogues! I should have had the whole castle to myself—

myself—Oh, what a charming feat of work for a man of my industry—(*speaking at closet door.*) You find the chests there—You may convey them out at night, and as for cutting Don Scipio's throat—that I leave to—

Enter Don Scipio.

Don Scipio. Cut my throat!—What are you at your dreams again?

Spado. (aside.) Oh, zounds!—Yes Sir, as I was telling you.

Don Scipio. Of a little fellow you have the worst dreams I ever heard.

Spado. Shocking Sir—then I thought—

Don Scipio. Hold, hold, let me hear no more of your curst dreams.

Spado. I've got off, thanks to his credulity.

[*aside.*

Don Scipio. What portmanteau's that?

Spado. 'Sdeath, I'm on again! (*aside.*)

Don Scipio. Fernando's I think.

Spado. (affecting surprise.) What, my master's?—egad so it is.—But I wonder who could have brought it here.—Ay, ay, my fellow servant Pedrillo is now too grand to mind his business;—And my master I find, tho' he has taken the habit scorns the office of a servant—So I must look after the things myself.

Don Scipio. Ay, ay, take care of them.

Spado. Yes, Sir, I'll take care of them!

Don Scipio. Ha, ha, ha! what a strange whimsical fellow this master of your's! with his plots and disguises.—Think to impose upon me too.—But I think I'm far from a fool.

Spado.

Spado. (looking archly at him.) That's more than I am.

Don Scipio. So he pretends not to know you, tho' he has sent you here as a spy to see what you can pick up?

Spado. Yes, Sir, I came here to see what I can pick up. (*Takes up the portmanteau.*)

Don Scipio. What an honest servant!—he has an eye to every thing, [Exit *DON SCIPIO.*

Spado. But before I turn honest, I must get somewhat to keep me so.

AIR X.—SPADO.

*In the forest here hard by,
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuss in hand,
When I bid a traveller stand;
Zounds deliver up your cash,
Or straight I'll pop and slash,
All among the leaves so green-o,
Damme, sir,
If you stir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.*

II.

*Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then so spruce and debonnaire,
'Gad, I'll court a lady fair;
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiss her, and all that,
All amongst the leaves so green-o!*

How

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA

How d'ye do?
How are you?
Why so coy?
Let us toy,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

III.

But ere old, and gray my pate,
I'll scrape up a snug estate;
With my nimbleness of thumbs,
I'll soon butter all my crumbs.
When I'm justice of the peace,
Then I'll master many a lease,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at ease,
Snatch the fees,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so grown-o.

SCENE II.—*An apartment.*

Enter FERNANDO.

Fernando. A wild scheme of my father's to think of an alliance with this mad family;—yes, Don Scipio's brain is certainly touch'd beyond cure, his daughter, my cara spofa of Italy don't suit my idea of what a wife should be—no, the lovely novice, this poor relation of Dame Isabel has caught my heart. I'm told to-morrow she's
to

to be immur'd in a convent; what if I ask Dame Isabel, if—but she, and indeed Don Scipio, carry themselves very strangely towards me—I can't imagine what's become of my rascal Pedrillo.

Enter PEDRILLO, in an elegant morning gown, cap and slippers.

Pedrillo. Strange, the respect I meet in this family. I hope we don't take horse after my master's wedding. I shou'd like to marry here myself,—before I unrobe I'll attack one of the maids!—Faith a very modish dress to go courting in,—hide my livery and I am quite gallant.

Fernando. Oh, here's a gentleman I han't seen before!

Pedrillo. Tol de rol!

Fernando. Pray, Sir, may I—*Pedrillo, (surprised.)* where have you—hey! what, ha, ha, ha! what's the matter with you!

Pedrillo. Matter!—Why Sir, I don't know how it was, but some how or other last night, I happen'd to sit down to a supper of only twelve covers, crack'd two bottles of choice wine, slept in an embroider'd bed, where I sunk in down, and lay 'till this morning like a diamond in cotton.—So, indeed, Sir, I don't know what's the matter with me.

Fernando. I can't imagine how, or what it all means.

Pedrillo. Why, Sir, Don Scipio, being a gentleman of discernment, perceives my worth, and values it.

I

Fernando.

Fernando. Then Sir, if you are a gentleman of such prodigious merit, be so obliging, with submission to your cap and gown, as to—pull off my boots.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vasquez. Sir, the ladies wait breakfast for you. *(to Pedrillo with great respect.)*

Fernando. My respects, I attend 'em.

Vasquez. You! I mean his honour here.

Pedrillo. Oh, you mean my honour here.

Fernando. Well, but perhaps my good friend, I may like a dish of chocolate as well as his honour here.

Vasquez. Chocolate, ha, ha, ha!

[with a sneer.]

Pedrillo. Chocolate, ha, ha, ha!

Fernando. I'll teach you to laugh, Sirrah!

[beats Pedrillo.]

Pedrillo. Teach me to laugh! you may be a good master, but you've a very bad method—But, hey for chocolate and the ladies.

[Exeunt PEDRILLO and VASQUEZ.]

Fernando. Don Scipio shall render me an account for this treatment, bear his contempt, and become the butt for the jests of his insolent servants! As I don't like his daughter, I have now a fair excuse, and indeed a just cause to break my contract; and quit his castle; but then, I leave behind the mistress of my soul—Suppose I make her a tender of my heart—but that might offend, as she must know my hand is engag'd to another—When I look'd, she turn'd her lovely eyes averted—Doom'd to a punnery!

AIR

AIR XI.—FERNANDO.

*My fair one like the blushing rose,
Can sweets to every sense disclose:
Those sweets I'd gather, but her scorn
Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn.*

*With sighs each grace and charm I see
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,
'Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,
When all those blooming beauties fade.*

Hey, who comes here? this is the smart little girl who seems so much attach'd to the beautiful novice—No harm to speak with her—

Enter CATILINA.

So my pretty primrose!

Catilina. How do you do, Mr. (*pert and familiar.*) I don't know your name.

Fernando. Not know my name! You must know who I am tho', and my business here, child?

Catilina. Lord, man, what signifies your going about to sift me when the whole family knows you're Don Fernando's footman.

Fernando. Am I faith? Ha, ha, ha! I'll humor this—Well then, my dear, you know that I am only Don Fernando's footman?

Catilina. Yes, yes, we know that, notwithstanding your fine clothes.

Fernando. But where's my master?

Catilina. Don Fernando! he's parading the gallery yonder in his sham livery and morning-gown.

G

Fernando.

Fernando. Oh, this accounts for twelve covers at supper, and the embroider'd bed; but who could have set such a jest a going? I'll carry it on tho'—(*aside.*) So then after all I am known here?

Catilina. Ay, and if all the impostors in the castle were as well known, we shou'd have no wedding to-morrow night.

Fernando. Something else will out—I'll seem to be in the secret, and perhaps may come at it—(*aside.*) Ay, ay, that piece of deceit is much worse than ours.

Catilina. That! what then you know that this Italian lady is not Don Scipio's daughter, but Dame Isabel's, and her true name Lorenza?

Fernando. Here's a discovery! (*aside.*) O yes, I know that.

Catilina. You do! Perhaps you know too, that the young lady you saw me speak with just now is the real Donna Victoria?

Fernando. Is it possible! Here's a piece of villainy! (*aside.*) Charming! let me kiss you, my dear girl. (*kisses her.*)

Catilina. Lord, he's a delightful man!

Fernando. My little angel, a thousand thanks for this precious discovery.

Catilina. Discovery!—Well if you did not know it before, marry hang your assurance, I say—but I must about my business, can't play the lady as you play'd the gentleman; I've something else to do; so I desire you won't keep kissing me here all day.

AIR

AIR XII.—CATILINA.

*I have a lover of my own,
 So kind and true is he;
 As true, I love but him alone,
 And he loves none but me.*

*I boast not of his velvet down,
 On cheeks of rosy hue,
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown;
 I prize the heart that's true.*

*So to all else I must say nay:
 They only fret and tease:
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
 Come court me when you please.*

II.

*I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
 In seeming coy and shy;
 'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,
 I thought his love to try.*

So to all else, &c.

[Exit.

Fernando. Why what a villain is this Don Scipio! ungrateful to—but I scorn to think of the services I render'd him last night in the forest, a false friend to my father, an unnatural parent to his amiable daughter! Here my charmer comes. (*retires.*)

G 2

Enter

Enter VICTORIA.

Victoria. Yes Catilina must be mistaken, it is impossible he can be the servant, no, no; that dignity of deportment and native elegance of manner can never be assum'd, yonder he walks, and my fluttering heart tells me, this is really the amiable Fernando, that I must resign to Dame Isabel's daughter.—

Fernando. Stay, lovely Victoria!

Victoria. Did you call me, Sir!—Heav'n's what have I said! (*confused.*) I mean, Signor, wou'd you wish to speak with Donna Victoria? I'll inform her, Sir. (*going.*)

Fernando. Oh, I cou'd speak to her for ever, for ever gaze upon her charms, thus transfix'd with wonder and delight.

Victoria. Pray, Signor, suffer me to withdraw.

Fernando. For worlds I wou'd not offend; but think not lady, 'tis the knowledge of your quality that attracts my admiration,

Victoria. Nay, Signor.

Fernando. I know you to be Don Scipio's daughter, the innocent victim of injustice and oppression, therefore I acknowledge to you, and you alone, that whatever you may have heard to the contrary, I really am Fernando de Zelva.

Victoria. Signor, how you became acquainted with the secret of my birth I know not; but from an acquaintance so recent, your compliment I receive as a mode of polite gallantry without a purpose.

Fernando.

Fernando. What your modesty regards as cold compliments, are sentiments, warm with the dearest purpose; I came hither to ratify a contract with Don Scipio's daughter! you are she, the beautiful *Victoria*, destin'd for the happy *Fernando*.—Concurrent to a parent's will, my hand is your's already. And thus on my knees let me make an humble tender of my heart.

Victoria. Pray, rise, *Signor*!—My father perhaps even to himself cannot justify his conduct to me;—But to censure that, or to pervert his intentions, wou'd in me be a breach of filial duty.

AIR XIII.—VICTORIA.

*By woes thus surrounded, how vain the gay smile
Of the little blind archer, those woes to beguile!
Tho' skilful, he misses, his aim it is crost,
His quiver exhausted, his arrows are lost.
Your love, tho' sincere, on the object you lose,
[Aside.] How sweet is the passion! Ah, must I refuse?
If filial affection that passion should sway,
Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.*

Fernando. And do you, can you wish me to espouse Donna Lorenza, Isabella's daughter?—Say you do not, do but satisfy me so far.

Victoria. *Signor*, do not despise me if I own, that before I saw in you the husband of Don Scipio's daughter, I did not once regret that I had lost that title.

Fernando. A thousand thanks for this generous, this amiable condescension,—Oh, my *Victoria*! If fortune but favours my design, you shall yet triumph over the malice of your enemies.

Victoria.

Victoria. Yonder is Dame Isabel, if she sees you speaking to me, she'll be early to frustrate whatever you may purpose for my advantage: Signor farewell!

Fernando. My life, my love adieu!

AIR XIV. DUET.—VICTORIA and FERNANDO.

*Italian queen, to thee we pray,
Record each tender vow;
As night gives place to chearful day,
Let hopes of future bliss allay,
The pangs we suffer now.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A chamber,

Enter FERNANDO.

Fernando. This is fortunate; the whole family except Victoria, are firmly possess'd with the idea that I am but the servant.—Well, since they will have me an impostor, they shall find me one; In heav'n's name, let them continue in their mistake, and bestow their mock Victoria upon my sham Fernando. I shall have a pleasant and just revenge for their perfidy; and perhaps obtain Don Scipio's real, lovely daughter, the sum of my wishes.—Here comes Don Scipio—Now to begin my operations,

Enter Don SCIPIO.

Fernando. (*as wishing Don Scipio to overbear him.*) I'm quite weary of playing the gentleman; I long to get into my livery again.

Don Scipio. Get into his livery! (*aside.*)

Fernando. These cloaths fall to my share however; my master will never wear 'em after me.

Don Scipio. His master! ay, ay! (*aside.*)

Fernando. I wish he'd own himself, for I'm certain Don Scipio suspects who I am.

Don Scipio. Suspect! I know who you are, (*advancing to him.*) So get into your livery again as fast as you can.

Fernando. Ha, my dear friend, Don Scipio, I was—

Don Scipio. Friend! you impudent rascal! I'll break your head if you make so free with me. None of your swaggering, Sirrah.—How the fellow acts, 't wasn't for nothing he was among the strolling players, but harkee, my lad, be quiet, for you're blown here without the help of your trumpet.

Fernando. Lord your honour, how came you to know that I am Pedrillo?

Don Scipio. Why I was told of it by your fellow—hold, I must not betray my little dreamer tho' (*aside.*) No matter who told me;—I—but here comes your master.

Fernando. Pedrillo! The fellow will spoil all; I wish I had given him his lesson before I began with Don Scipio. (*aside.*)

Don Scipio. I hope he'll now ha' done with his gambols.

Fernando. Sir, my master is such an obstinate gentleman, as sure as you stand here, he'll still deny himself to be Don Fernando.

Don Scipio. Will he? then I'll write his father an account of his vagaries.

Enter

Enter PEDRILLO.

Pedrillo. Master! shall I shave you this morning?

Don Scipio. Shave! Oh, my dear Sir, time to give over your tricks and fancies.

Pedrillo. (*surprised.*) My tricks and fancies.

Fernando. Yes Sir, you are found out.

Pedrillo. I am found out!

Don Scipio. So you may as well confess.

Pedrillo. What the devil shall I confess?

Don Scipio. He still persists! Harkee, young gentleman, I'll send your father an account of your pranks, and he'll trim your jacket for you.

Pedrillo. Nay, sir, for the matter o' that, my father could trim your jacket for you.

Don Scipio. Trim my jacket, young gentleman!

Pedrillo. Why, he's the best taylor in Cordova!

Don Scipio. His father's a taylor in Cordova!

Fernando. Ay, he'll ruin all—(*aside.*) Let me speak to him.—Tell Don Scipio you are the master. (*apart to Pedrillo.*)

Pedrillo. I will, Sir.—Don Scipio you are the master.

Don Scipio. What!

Fernando. Stupid dog!—(*apart to Pedrillo.*) Say you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Pedrillo. I will—Sir, you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Fernando. Dull rogue! (*aside.*) I told you, Sir, he'd persist in it! (*apart to Don Scipio.*)

Don

Don Scipio. Yes, I see it; but I tell you what
Don Fernando.

LORENZA sings without.

My daughter! Zounds! don't let your mistress see you any more in this cursed livery.—Look at the gentleman, hold up your head—egad, Pedrillo's acting was better than your natural manner.

Fernando. Ah, Sir, if you were to see my master dress'd—the livery makes such an alteration!

Don Scipio. True! curse the livery.

Pedrillo. It's bad enough; but my master gives new liveries on his marriage.

Fernando. An insensible scoundrel! (*aside.*)

Enter LORENZA.

Lorenza. Oh, Caro Signor, every body says that you are (*To FERNANDO*) not Don Fernando.

Don Scipio. Every body's right, for here he stands like a young taylor of Cordova.

(*To PEDRILLO.*)

Lorenza. Oh, what? then this is Pedrillo?

(*To FERNANDO.*)

Fernando. At your service, Ma'm. (*bowing.*)

Pedrillo. That Pedrillo! then, who the devil am I?

Fernando. Here rogue, this purse is yours—say you are Don Fernando. (*Apart to PEDRILLO.*)

Pedrillo. Oh, Sir—now I understand you. True, Don Scipio, I am all that he says.

H

Don

Don Scipio. Hey! Now that's right and sensible, and like yourself, but I'll go bustle about our business—for, we'll have all our love affairs settled this evening.

[*Exeunt DON SCIPIO and FERNANDO.*

Lorenza. So, then, you're to be my husband, ha. ha, ha! Well, who is to have me, or who am I to have at last? This? (*looking at PEDRILLO*) ha, ha, ha! Why this is still worse and worse—every degree of lover farther remov'd from the perfections of my Ramirez.

Pedrillo. Ma'am—wou'd you be so obliging as—to be so kind as—to tell a body what you intend to get talking about now in this here case?

Lorenza. Ah, Lord! Ha, ha, ha! Why, Signor, I was reflecting what a lucky thing it is for some people that they are born to a great fortune. (*sneeringly.*)

Pedrillo. Eh? (*looks grave.*) Ha, ha, ha! Ma'am, I'm so puzzled here—that—my brain turns about like a te-to-tum, and I don't know which is coming up, A for all or P. for put down.

Lorenza. Ha, ha, ha! Will you love me, pray?

Pedrillo. Eh!

Lorenza. Well, if not I can be as cold as you are indifferent.

AIR

AIR XV. LORENZA.

*If I my heart surrender
 Be ever fond and tender,
 And sweet connubial joys shall crown
 Each soft rosy hour,
 In pure delight each heart shall own
 Love's triumphant pow'r.
 See brilliant belles admiring,
 See splendid beaux desiring,
 All for a smile expiring,
 Where'er Lorenza moves.
 To balls and routs resorting,
 Oh bliss supreme, transporting!
 Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
 'Tis you alone that loves.*

If I my heart surrender, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Vineyard and Cottage.*

Enter ALPHONSO, (with a letter.)

Alphonso. How cruel is my situation! Though Captain Ramirez has set me at liberty, to what purpose, while my heart is Victoria's prisoner! This generous robber, Ramirez, means well, I believe; but to enter into any league with a man of his description—Can she love this Fernando? With all my ardour of passion, to me she was cold and insensible!—— Her marriage with Fernando is determined on; but, if possible, I'll prevent it—Yes, Philipppo, the youth of the cottage here shall bear him this challenge.

H 2

Enter

Enter PHILIPPO from the Cottage, (with a Fruit-basket.)

Philippo. Are you here, Sir! Lord, Signor, why would not you eat some dinner with us?

Alphonso. Ah, Philippo! were you in love, you'd have little appetite.

Philippo. Why, I like a pretty little girl—ha, ha, ha!—Catalina above at the castle, and next Martlemas I intend to fall in love with her, for then we shall certainly be married—may be—Do step in, Sir, and eat a bit.

Alphonso. No, no, Philippo.

Philippo. As nice an Ollo Podrida—

Alphonso. But where now, Philippo? Going to sell those grapes?

Philippo. Sell! Oh, no, Sir; Im going to make a present of the earliest and finest clusters to Don Scipio up at the castle.

Alphonso. Why, you're vastly generous, Philippo.

Philippo. Oh, yes, Sir; I like to make a present to gentlefolks, because they always give me twice the value of 'em; and then my Catalina gives me a kiss—her lips, sweet, soft, and pouting as this plump Muscadel.

AIR

AIR XVI.—PHILIPPO.

*In autumn ev'ry fruit I see,
Brings Catilina to my mind;
I carve her name on ev'ry tree,
And sing love-sonnets in the rind.*

*Her forehead as the neêtrine sleek,
And brown as hazle-nut her hair is;
The downy peach, her blushing cheek,
Her pouting lips—two May-Duke cherries,*

*The birds by fairest fruits allur'd,
And I'm sweet Catuina's bird;
I peck, hop, flutter on my spray,
And chirp and carol all the day.*

Alphonso. Well, Philippo, you'll find one Don Fernando at the castle and—

Philippo. Oh, ay, the great grandee that's to marry Donna Victoria.

Alphonso. Distraction! (*aside.*) Give him this letter from me.

Philippo. Yes, Sir, what is't about?

Alphonso. Ah,—its only—an—invitation to Don Fernando and his intended bride to an entertainment I design to give to a few select friends at my villa.

Philippo. To a feast, ha, ha!

Alphonso. But, stop! Pray, Philippo, do you know who this Captain Ramirez is?

Philippo. Don't even know where he lives—Sometimes he rides, sometimes he walks,—sometimes he runs here,—travels about—Mayhap a hunting here in the forest—often takes a bed at our cottage, and he pays so handsome that he's always welcome.

I

Alphonso.

Alphonso. Ha, ha, ha! Philippo, you're the most generous—disinterested lad! (*gives money.*)

Philippo. So I am, Sir, (*looking at it.*) Good bye!

Alphonso. You'll deliver my letter.

Philippo. Ha, ha, ha! yes, Sir—(*looking at money,*) Ha, ha, ha! to think, Signor, what a pair of lovers you and I be!

AIR XVII. DUET.—ALPHONSO and PHILIPPO.

Alphonso. *So faithful to my fair I'll prove,*

Philippo. *So kind and constant to my love,*

Alphonso. *I'd never range,*

Philippo. *I'd never change,*

Both. *Nor time, nor chance, my faith should move.*

Philippo. *No ruby clusters grace the vine,*

Alphonso. *Ye sparkling stars forget to shine,*

Philippo. *Sweet flowers to spring,*

Alphonso. *Gay birds to sing,*

Both. *Those hearts then part that love shall join,*

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A grand saloon.**Enter Don SCIPIO and VASQUEZ.*

Don Scipio. D'YE hear, Vasquez, run to
 Father Benedict, tell him to
 wipe his chin, go up to the chapel, put on his
 spectacles, open his Breviary,—find out matri-
 mony, and wait 'till we come to him—

[*Exit VASQUES.*]

Then hey, for a brace of weddings!

AIR XVIII.—DON SCIPIO*.

*Then hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer,**And a thumping bantling every year!**With skin as white as snow,**And hair as brown as a berry!**With eyes as black as a sloe,**And lips as red as a cherry;**Sing rory, tory,**Dancing, prancing,**Laugh and lie down is the play,**We'll fondle together,**In spite of the weather,**And kiss the cold winter away.*

* The first Stanza of this Song not written by Mr. O'Keeffe.

II.

*Laugh while you live,
 For as life is a jest,
 Who laughs the most,
 Is sure to live best,
 When I was not so old
 I frolick'd among the misses;
 And when they thought me too bold,
 I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.
 Sing rory, tory, &c.*

I wonder is Don Fernando drest—Oh, here comes the servant in his proper habiliments.

Enter FERNANDO in a livery.

Ay, now, my lad, you look something like.

Fernando. Yes, your honour, I was quite sick of my grandeur—My passing so well in this disguise gives me a very humble opinion of myself. (*aside.*)

Don Scipio. But, Pedrillo, is your master equipp'd! faith, I long to see him in his proper garb.

Fernando. Why, no, Sir, we're a little behind hand with our finery on account of a portmanteau of clothes that's mislaid somewhere or other.

Don Scipio. Portmanteau! Oh, it's safe enough—Your fellow servant has it.

Fernando. Fellow servant!

Don Scipio. Ay! the little spy has taken it in charge, Oh, here comes the very beagle.

I

Enter

Enter SPADO.

Don Scipio. Well, my little dreamer, look; Pedrillo has got into his own cloaths again.

Spado. (surprised and aside.) Don Fernando in a livery! or is this really a servant! Zounds, sure I han't been telling truth all this while!—We must face it tho'—Ah, my dear, old friend!—Glad to see you yourself again.

[Shakes hands.]

Fernando. My dear boy, I thank you.—*(aside.)* So, here's an old friend I never saw before.

Don Scipio. Tell Pedrillo where you have left your master's portmanteau. While I go lead him in triumph to his bride. *[Exit.]*

Fernando. Pray, my good, new, old friend, where has your care deposited this portmanteau?

Spado. Gone! *(looking after Don Scipio.)*

Fernando. The portmanteau gone.

Spado. Ay, his senses are quite gone.

Fernando. Where's the portmanteau that Don Scipio says you took charge of?

Spado. Portmanteau! Ah, the dear gentleman! Portmanteau did he say? yes, yes, all's over with his poor brain; yesterday his head run upon purses and trumpeters and the lord knows what, and to-day he talks of dreamers, spies, and portmanteaus.—Yes, yes, his wits are going.

Fernando. It must be so, he talk'd to me last night and to-day of I know not what in a strange incoherent stile.

Spado. Grief—all grief.

I

Fernando.

Fernando. If so, this whim of my being Pedrillo, is perhaps the creation of his own brain,—but then, how cou'd it have run thro' the whole family.—This is the first time I ever heard Don Scipio was disorder'd in his mind.

Spado. Ay, we'd all wish to conceal it from your master, least it might induce him to break off the match, for I don't suppose he'd be very ready to marry into a mad family.

Fernando. And pray what are you, Sir, in this mad family?

Spado. Don Scipio's own gentleman, these ten years—Yet, you heard him just now call me your fellow servant.—How you did stare when I accosted you as an old acquaintance!—But we always humour him, I shou'd not have contradicted him if he said I was the pope's nuncio.

Fernando. (*aside.*) Oh, then I don't wonder at Dame Isabel taking advantage of his weakness.

Spado. Another new whim of his,—he has taken a fancy that every body has got a ring from him, which he imagines belong'd to his deceas'd lady.

Fernando. True, he ask'd me something about a ring.

Don Scipio. (*without.*) I'll wait on you presently.

Enter Don Scipio.

Don Scipio. Ha, Pedrillo, now your disguises are over, return me the ring.

Spado.

Spado. (*apart to Fernando.*) You see he's at the ring again.

Don Scipio. Come let me have it, lad, I'll give you a better thing, but that ring belong'd to my deceas'd lady.

Spado. (*to Fernando.*) His deceas'd lady—Ay there's the touch.

Fernando. Poor gentleman! (*aside.*)

Don Scipio. Do, let me have it,—Zounds, here's five pistoles, and the gold of the ring is not worth a dollar.

Spado. We always humour him, give him this ring and take the money.

[*apart, gives Fernando a ring.*]

Fernando. (*presents it to Don Scipio.*) There, Sir.

Don Scipio. (*gives money.*) And there, Sir,—Oh you mercenary rascal. (*aside.*) I knew 't was on the purse I gave you last night in the forest.

Spado. Give me the cash, I must account for his pocket money.

[*apart to and taking the money from Fernando.*]

Pedrillo. (*without.*) Pedrillo! Pedrillo! Sirrah!

Don Scipio. Run, don't you hear your master, you brace of rascals?—Fly! [*Exit SPADO.*]

Don Scipio. (*looking out.*) What an alteration!

Enter PEDRILLO richly dress'd.

Pedrillo. (*to Fernando.*) How now, Sirrah? loitering here, and leave me to dress myself, hey! (*with great authority.*)

Fernando. Sir, I was—(*with humility.*)

Pedrillo. Was!—and are—and will be, a
I 2 lounging

lounging rascal, but you fancy you are still in your finery, you idle vagabond!

Don Scipio. Bless me, Don Fernando is very passionate, just like his father.

Fernando. (aside.) The fellow, I see, will play his part to the top.

Pedrillo. Well, Don Scipio,—A hey! an't I the man for the ladies? (*strutting.*) I am, for I have studied Ovid's art of love.

Don Scipio. Yes, and Ovid's Metamorphoses too, ha, ha, ha!

Pedrillo. (aside.) He, he, he! what a sneaking figure my poor master cuts.—Egad, I'll pay him back all his domineering over me.—*Pedrillo?*

Fernando. Your honour.

Pedrillo. Fill this box with Naquatoch.

[*Gives box.*

Fernando. Yes, Sir. (*going.*)

Pedrillo. Pedrillo!

Fernando. Sir?

Pedrillo. Perfume my handkerchief.

Fernando. Yes, Sir. (*going.*)

Pedrillo. Pedrillo.

Fernando. Sir?

Pedrillo. Get me a tooth-pick.

Fernando. Yes Sir. (*going.*)

Pedrillo. Pedrillo!

Fernando. (aside.) What an impudent dog!—
Sir?

Pedrillo. Nothing—Abfcond.

Fernando. (aside.) If this be my picture, I blush for the original.

Pedrillo. Master! to be like you, do let me give you one kick. (*aside to Fernando.*)

Fernando. What!

Pedrillo.

Pedrillo. Why, I won't hurt you much.

Fernando. I'll break your bones, you villain.

Pedrillo. Ahem, tol de rol.

Don Scipio. Pedrillo!

Pedrillo. Sir? (*forgetting himself.*)

Fernando. (*apart.*) What are you at you rascal?

Pedrillo. Ay, what are you at you rascal? avoid!

Fernando. I'm gone, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Pedrillo. Curst ill natur'd of him, not to let me give one kick. (*aside.*)

Don Scipio. Don Fernando, I like you vastly.

Pedrillo. So you ought.—Tol de rol.—Who cou'd now suspect me to be the son of a taylor, and that four hours ago, I was a footman. [*aside.*]
Tol de rol.

Don Scipio. Son-in-law, you're a flaming beau!—Egad you have a princely person.

Pedrillo. All the young girls—whenever I got behind—Inside of the coach,—All the ladies of distinction, whether they were making their beds, or dressing the—dressing themselves at the toilette, wou'd run to the windows,—peep thro' their fingers, their fans, I mean, simper behind their handkerchiefs, and lisp out in the softest, sweetest tones, “Oh, dear me, upon my honour and reputation, there is not such a beautiful gentleman in the world, as this same Don Pedrill—Fernando.

Don Scipio. Ha, ha, ha! can't forget Pedrillo.—But come, ha' done with your Pedrillo's now—Be yourself, son-in-law.

Pedrillo. Yes, I will be yourself son-in-law, you are sure of that, honor, Don Scipio, but
pray

pray what fortune am I to have with your daughter? You are a greyheaded old fellow Don Scipio, and by the course of nature, you know you cannot live long.

Don Scipio. Pardon me, Sir, I don't know any such thing.

Pedrillo. So when we put a stone upon your head—

Don Scipio. Put a stone upon my head!

Pedrillo. Yes, when you are settled—screwed down, I shall have your daughter to maintain, you know.

Don Scipio. (*aside.*) A narrow-minded spark!

Pedrillo. Not that I wou'd think much of that, I am so generous.

Don Scipio. Yes, generous as a Dutch usurer. [*aside.*]

Pedrillo. The truth is, Don Scipio—I was always a smart young gentleman.

(*Dances and sings.*)

Don Scipio. A hey! Since Don Fernando turns out to be such a coxcomb, faith I'm not sorry that my own child has escap'd him:—A convent itself is better than a marriage with a monkey.—The poor thing's fortune tho'! And then my son—I begin now to think I was too hard upon Cæsar—to compare him with this puppy, but I must forget my children, Dame Isabel will have me upon no other terms. [*aside.*]

Pedrillo. D'ye hear, Don Scipio, let us have a plentiful feast.

Don Scipio. Was ever such a conceited, empty, impudent— [*Exit.*]

Pedrillo. Yes, I'm a capital fellow, ha, ha! So my fool of a master sets his wits to work after a poor girl that I am told they are packing into a convent,

convent, and he dresses me up as himself to carry the rich Italian heiress, Donna Victoria! Well, I'm not a capital fellow! but I was made for a gentleman—gentleman! I'm the neat pattern for a Lord—I have a little honour about me, a bit of love too; ay, and a scrap of courage, perhaps—hem! I wish I'd a rival to try it tho'—od, I think I could fight at any weapon from a needle to a hatchet.

Enter PHILIPPO, with a letter and Basket.

Philippo. Signor, are you Don Fernando de Zelva?

Pedrillo. Yes, Boy.

Philippo. Here's a letter for you, Sir, from Don Alphonso.

Pedrillo. I don't know any Don Alphonso, boy. What's the letter about?

Philippo. I think, Sir, 'tis to invite you to a feast.

Pedrillo. A feast!—Oh, I recollect now, Don Alphonso, what? my old acquaintance! give it me, boy.

Philippo. But, are you sure, Sir, you're Don Fernando?

Pedrillo. Sure, you dog!—don't you think I know myself—let's see, let's see—(*Opens the letter and reads.*)—"Signor, tho' you seem ready to fall to on a love-feast, I hope a small repast in the field won't spoil your stomach"—Oh, this is only a snack before supper—"I shall be at six o'clock this evening"—You dog it's past six now—"in the meadow near the Cottage of the Vines, where I expect you'll meet me."

"me."—Oh dear, I shall be too late!—"As you aspire to Donna Victoria, your sword must be long enough to reach my heart, Alphonso." My sword long enough! (*frightened*) Oh! the devil!—Feast! Zounds this is a downright challenge!

Philippo. I beg your pardon, Signor, but if I hadn't met my sweetheart, Catalina, you would have had that letter two hours ago.

Pedrillo. Oh, you have given it time enough, my brave boy.

Philippo. Well, Sir, you'll come?

Pedrillo. Eh! Yes, I dare say he'll come.

Philippo. He!

Pedrillo. Yes, I'll give it him, my brave boy.

Philippo. Him! Sir, didn't you say you were—

Pedrillo. Never fear, child, Don Fernando shall have it.

Philippo. Why, Sir, an't you Don Fernando?

Pedrillo. Me, not I, child, no, no. I'm not Fernando, but, my boy, I would go to the feast, but you have delay'd the letter so long, that I have quite lost my stomach—Go, my fine boy.

Philippo. Sir, I—

Pedrillo. Go along, child, go! (*pats PHILIPPO off.*) however Don Fernando shall attend you—but here comes my spose—

Enter LORENZA reading a letter.

"Dearest Lorenza!—By accident I heard of your being in the castle—if you don't wish to be the instrument of your mother's imposition, an impending blow, (which means you
I no

no harm) "this night shall discover an important secret relative to him who desires to resign ev'n life itself, if not your RAMIREZ."

My Love! (*kisses the letter.*) I wish to be nothing, if not your Lorenza; this foolish Fernando! (*looking at PEDRILLO*) but, ha, ha, ha! I'll amuse myself with him—looks tolerably now he's dress'd, not so agreeable as my discarded lover Alphonso tho'. (*aside.*)

Pedrillo. I'll accost her with elegance—How do you do, Signora.

Lorenza. Very well, Sir, at your service. Dresses exactly like Prince Radifocani!

Pedrillo. Now I'll pay her a fine compliment—Signora, you're a clever little body—Will you sit down, Signora? (*hands a chair.*)

Lorenza. So polite too!

Pedrillo. Oh, I admire politeness. (*sits.*)

Lorenza. This would not be good manners in Florence tho'.

Pedrillo. Oh! (*Rises.*) I beg pardon—Well, sit in that chair; I'll assure you, Donna Victoria, I don't grudge a little trouble for the sake of good manners. (*places another chair.*)

Lorenza. Voi cette molto gentile. (*curtsies.*)

Pedrillo. Yes, I sit on my seat genteelly—I find I understand a good deal of Italian—Now to court her, hem! hem! what shall I say? Hang it, I wish my master had gone through the whole business to the very drawing of the curtains.—I believe I ought to kneel tho'—(*aside.*) (*Kneels.*)—Oh, you most beautiful Goddess, you angelic angel!— (*repeats.*)

For you, my fair, I'd be a rose
 To bloom beneath that comely nose;
 Or, you the flower and I the bee,
 My sweets I'd sip from none but thee.
 Was I a pen, you paper white,
 Ye gods, what billet doux I'd write!
 My lips the seal, what am'rous smacks
 I'd print on yours, if sealing-wax.
 No more I'll say, you stop my breath,
 My only life, you'll be my death. *(rises.)*

—Well said, little Pedrillo! *(Wipes his knees.)*

Lorenza. There is something in Don Fernando's passion extremely tender, though romantic and extravaganza.

Pedrillo. Oh, for some sweet sounds, Signora, if you'll sing me a song, I'll stay and hear it, I'm so civil.

Lorenza. With pleasure, Sir.

AIR XIX. LORENZA.

*Heart beating,
 Repeating,
 Vows in palpitation,
 Sweetly answers each fond hope;
 Prithee leave me,
 You'll deceive me,
 After other beauties running;
 Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning
 Shew where points the inclination. [Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. A Gallery of the Castle.

Enter FERNANDO, ALPHONSO and VICTORIA.

Fernando. Give me joy, Alphonso, father Benedic in this dear and wish'd for union has this moment made me the happiest of mankind.
Alphonso.

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA. 67

Alphonso. Then it is certain all you have told me of my *Victoria*?

Victoria. True indeed, *Alphonso*, that name really belongs to me.

Alphonso. No matter, as neither lineage, name or fortune caught my heart, let her forfeit all, she is still dear to her *Alphonso*.

Fernando. Courage *Alphonso*, I'll answer you shall be no exception to the general joy of this happy night.

Alphonso. Happy, indeed, if blest with my *Lorenza*.

AIR XX.—ALPHONSO.

*Come, ye hours, with bliss replete,
Bear me to my charmer's feet!
Cheerless winter must I prove;
Absent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring,
Shew the glad return of spring.*

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A view of the outside of the Castle, with Moat and Drawbridge.*

Enter DON CÆSAR and SPADO.

Don Cesar. You gave my letter to the lady?

Spado. Yes, I did, Captain *Ramirez*.

Don Cesar. Lucky she knows me only by that name. (*aside.*)

Spado. A love-affair, hey,—Oh, fly!

Don Cesar. Hush! Mind you let us all in by the little wicket in the east rampart.

K 2

Spado.

Spado. I'll let you in, Captain, and a banditti is like a cat, where the head can get in the body will follow.

Don Caesar. Soft! Letting down the draw-bridge for me now, may attract observation. (*Looks out.*) Yonder I can get across the moat.

Spado. But Captain! (*calling.*) My dear Captain! If you fall into the water, you may take cold, my dear Sir,—I wish you were at the bottom with a stone about your neck. (*aside.*)

AIR XXI.—DON CÆSAR.

*At the peaceful midnight hour,
Ev'ry sense, and ev'ry pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep;
Then our careful watch we keep;
While the wolf in nightly prow,
Bays the moon with hideous howl,
Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance!
Females shriek; but no assistance.
Silence, or you meet your fate;
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate;
Locks, bolts, bars, soon fly asunder,
Then to riste, rob, and plunder.*

[*Exit DON CÆSAR.*]

Spado. I see how this is—our Captain's to carry off the lady and my brethren all the booty, what's left for me then? No, devil a bit they'll give me—Oh, I must take care to help myself in time—Got nothing yet but that portmanteau, a few silver spoons and tops of pepper-casters; let's see, I've my tools here still—(*takes out pistols.*) Egad, I'll try and secure a little before these fellows come, and make a general sweep—Eh, (*looks out.*) My made-up Fernando! (*retires.*)

Enter

Enter PEDRILLO.

Pedrillo. He, he, he! Yes, my master has certainly married the little nunnery-girl—Ha, ha, ha! Alphonso to demand satisfaction of me! no, no, Don Fernando is a master for the gentlemen, I am a man for the ladies.

AIR XXII.—PEDRILLO.

*A soldier I am for a lady,
 What beau was e'er arm'd compleater?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.
 Gad's curse, my dear lasses, I'm ready
 To give you all satisfaction;
 I am the man
 For the crack of your fan,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
 Your bobbins may beat up a row-de-dow,
 Your lap-dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
 The challenge in love,
 I take up the glove,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.*

Spado. (advances.) That's a fine song, Signor.

Pedrillo. Hey! did you hear me sing?

Spado. I did, 'twas charming.

Pedrillo. Then take a pinch of my Macquabah.

[Offers and Spado takes.]

Spado. Now, Signor, you'll please to discharge my little bill.

Pedrillo. Bill! I don't owe you any—

Spado. Yes, you do, Sir; recollect, didn't you ever hire any thing of me?

Pedrillo.

Pedrillo. Me! no!

Spado. Oh, yes; I lent you the use of my two fine ears to hear your song, and the use of my most capital nose to snuff up your Macquabah.

Pedrillo. Eh! what the deuce, do you hire out your senses and organs, and—

Spado. Yes, and if you don't instantly pay the hire, I'll strike up a symphonia on this little barrel-organ here. (*shows a pistol.*)

Pedrillo. Hold, my dear Sir—there—(*gives money.*)—I refuse to pay my debts!—Sir, I'm the most punctual—(*frighten'd*) but if you please, rather than hire them again, I'd chuse to buy your fine nose and your capital ears out and out.

Spado. Hark'ee (*in a low tone.*) You owe your Donship to a finesse of mine, so mention this, and you are undone, Sirrah!

Pedrillo. Sir! (*fright'ned.*) Dear Sir! (*Spado presents pistol.*)—Oh, lord, Sir! [*Exit.*]

Spado. Ha, ha, ha! They call me little Spado—why I am not big but even Sanguino allow'd I was a clever little fellow. Astonishing how a mind like mine, cou'd be folded in so small a compass, but if worth is to be estimated by bulk, then must the Orient pearl give way to the goose's egg, and the moss rose to the red cabbage.

AIR

AIR XXIII.—SPADO.

*Tho' born to be little's my fate,
 Why so was the great Alexander;
 And when I march under a gate,
 I've no need to stoop like a gander;
 I'm no linkum long hoddy-doddy,
 Whose paper kite sails in the sky;
 If two feet I want in my body,
 In soul I am thirty feet high!
 With my merry fa, la.*

II.

*Sweet lass, of sweet love can you fail,
 With such a compact little lovey?
 Tho' no one can taste the big whale,
 All relish the little anchovy.
 The eagle, tho' for an high flyer,
 Of fine-feather'd fowl is the crack,
 Yet when he cou'd fly up no higher,
 The little wren jump'd on his back.
 With my merry fa, la.*

Enter PHILIPPO towards the close of the air.

Philippo. Lord, Sir! I do vastly like your singing.

Spado. Oh, then you heard my fine song.

Philippo. Yes, Sir.

Spado. How did you get in?

Philippo. In!

Spado. Did you pay at the door?

Philippo. What door, Sir?

Spado. What door, Sir! the door of this spacious theatre.

Philippo.

Philippo. Theatre! Lord, Sir, are'nt we out in the open air?

Spado. You little equivocating sneaking scoundrel! wou'd you cheat, defraud a man of genius out of the reward of his talents?—What, hear my sweet song, and not pay for your musick.

Philippo. Pa!)!

Spado. O, ho! I see somebody's likely to be robb'd here! Look'e friend, I'm not to be bilk'd, so if you don't this instant pay, I must discharge my door-keeper, here he is—

[*Shews a pistol.*

Philippo. (*crying.*) And must I give all the money Don Scipio gave me for my whole basket of grapes. (*gives money.*) A plague o' your musick! Oh, Oh!

[*Exit crying.*

Spado. What, you villain!—I suspect presently this house will be too hot for me, yet the devil tempts me strongly to venture in once more, if I cou'd but pick up a few more little articles—Ecod, I'll venture, tho' I feel an ugly sort of tickling under my left ear—Oh, poor Spado!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A ball in the castle.*

Re-enter SPADO.

Spado. So many eyes about—I can do nothing; if I cou'd but raise a commotion to employ their attention—Oh! here's Don Juan, father to Fernando just arriv'd—Yes, if I cou'd but mix up a fine confusion now—aye, that's the time to pick up the loose things—but hold,

I am told this Don Juan is very passionate—heh! to set him and Don Scipio together by the ears—Ears!—I have it.

Enter DON JUAN in a travelling dress.

Don Juan. Egad, my coming will surprize my son Fernando, and Don Scipio too—tell him, I'm here—I hope I'm time enough for the wedding.

Spado. (*stily.*) A grim-looking old gentleman!
[*Bows obsequiously.*]

Don Juan. Who's dog are you?

Spado. How do you do, Signor?

Don Juan. Why, are you a phyfician?

Spado. Me a phyfician! Alack-a-day, no, your honour, I am poor Spado.

Don Juan. Where's Don Scipio? What the devil, is this his hospitality? he has heard that I am here?

Spado. He hear! Ah, poor gentleman—hear! his misfortune!

Don Juan. Misfortune! What, he's married again?

Spado. At the brink.

Don Juan. Marry and near threescore, what, has he lost his senses?

Spado. He has nearly lost one, Sir.

Don Juan. But where is he? I want to ask him about it.

Spado. Ask, then you must speak very loud, Sir.

Don Juan. Why, what is he deaf?

Spado. Almost Sir, the dear gentleman can scarce hear a word.

L

Don Juan.

Don Juan. Ah, poor fellow! Hey! Isn't yonder my son? (*walks up.*)

Spado. Now if I cou'd bring the old ones together, I shoudn't doubt of a quarrel.

Enter Don Scipio.

Don Scipio. Ah, here's my friend Don Juan! Spado, I hope he han't heard of his son's pranks!

Spado. Hear! Ah, poor Don Juan's hearing! I've been roaring to him these five minutes.

Don Scipio. Roaring to him!

Spado. He's almost deaf.

Don Scipio. Bless me!

Spado. You must bellow to him like a speaking-trumpet. [*Exit Spado.*]

Don Scipio. (*very loud.*) Don Juan, you are welcome.

Don Juan. (*starting.*) Hey! Strange that your deaf people always speak loud—(*very loud.*) I'm very glad to see you, Don Scipio.

Don Scipio. When people are deaf themselves, they think every body else is too—How long have you been this way. (*bawling.*)

Don Juan. Just arriv'd. (*bawling in his ear.*)

Don Scipio. I mean as to the hearing?

[*Very loud.*]
Don Juan. Aye, I find it's very bad with you. (*bawling.*) Zounds I shall roar myself as hoarse as a raven.

Don Scipio. Ah, my lungs can't hold out a conversation—I must speak by signs—

[*Motions to drink.*]

Don

Don Juan. What now, are you dumb too?

Enter VASQUEZ. Whispers SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Oh, you may speak out, nobody can hear but me.

Don Juan. [*to Vasquez.*] Pray, is this crazy fool, your master here going to be married?

Don Scipio. What! (*surprised.*)

Vasquez. Don Fernando wou'd speak with you, Sir. (*to Scipio.*) [*Exit VASQUEZ.*]

Don Scipio. I wish he'd come here, and speak, to this old blockhead his father—(*takes his band.*) Don Juan, you are welcome to my house—but I wish you had staid at home.

Don Juan. I am—much oblig'd to you.

Don Scipio. You'll soon see your son—as great an ass as yourself.

Don Juan. An ass! you shall find me a tyger, you old whelp!

Don Scipio. Why, zounds, you're not deaf!

Don Juan. A mad—ridiculous!—

Enter FERNANDO and VICTORIA.

Fernando! hey, boy, what the devil drefs is this?

Fernando. My father—Sir—I—I—

Don Scipio. (*to Victoria.*) What are you doing with that fellow?

Victoria. Your pardon, dearest father, when I own that he is now my husband.

Don Scipio. Eh! Eh! By this ruin, this eternal disgrace upon my house am I punish'd for my

unjust severity to my poor son, Don Cæsar—married to that rascal!

Don Juan. Call my son, a rascal!

Don Scipio. Zounds, man! who's thinking of your son? But this fellow to marry the girl and disgrace my family.

Don Juan. Disgrace! He has honoured your family, you crack-brained old fool!

Don Scipio. A footman honour my family, you superannuated deaf old ideot!

Enter Dame ISABELLA.

Oh, Dame, fine doings! Pedrillo here has married my daughter.

Don Juan. But why this disguise—what is all this about? tell me, Fernando.

Isabella. What, is this really Don Fernando?

Don Scipio. Do you say so, Don Juan?

Don Juan. To be sure.

Don Scipio. Hey! then, Dame, your daughter is left to the valet—no fault of mine tho'.

Isabella. What a vile contrivance?

Fernando. No, Madam, your's was the contrivance, which love and accident have counteracted in justice to this injured lady.

Isabella. Oh, that villain Spado!

Don Juan. Spado, why that's the villain told me you were deaf.

Don Scipio. Why, he made me believe you cou'd not hear a word.

Isabella. And led me into this unlucky error.

[*Exit ISABELLA.*]

Don Juan. Oh, what a lying scoundrel!

Enter

Enter SPADO. (behind.)

Spado. I wonder how my work goes on here!
(*Roars in Don JUAN's ear.*) I give you joy,
Sir.

Don Juan. I'll give you sorrow, you rascal!
(*beats him.*)

Don Scipio. I'll have you hang'd, you villain!

Spado. Hang'd! dear Sir, 'twould be the death of me.

Pedrillo. (without.) Come along, my Cara Sposa—rol-de-rol—

(*Enters.*) How do you do, boys and girls—
Zounds! my old master!

Don Juan. Pedrillo! hey day! here's finery!

Pedrillo. I must brazen it out—Ah, Don Juan, my worthy dad!

Don Juan. Why, what in the name of—but
I'll beat you to a mummy, firrah!

Pedrillo. Don't do that—I'm going to be married to an heiress, so mustn't be beat to a mummy—Stand before me, (*gets behind Lorenza.*) spouse.

Don Juan. Let me come at him.

Spado. Stay where you are, he don't want you.

Fernando. Dear Sir.

Don Scipio. Patience, Don Juan, your son has got my daughter, so our contract's fulfilled.

Don Juan. Yes, Sir; but who's to satisfy me for your intended affront, hey!

Don

Don Scipio. How shall I get out of this—I'll revenge all upon you, you little rascal! to prison you go—Here, a brace of Alguazils, and a pair of hand-cuffs.—

Spado. For me! the best friend you have in the world!

Don Scipio. Friend, you villain! that shan't save your neck.

Spado. Why I've sav'd your throat.

Don Scipio. How, Sirrah?

Spado. Only two of the banditti here in the castle this morning.

Don Scipio. Oh, dear me!

Spado. But I got 'em out.

Don Scipio. How, how?

Spado. I told 'em they should come and murder you this evening.

Don Scipio. Much oblig'd to you.—Oh, lord!

[*A crash and tumultuous noise without, banditti rush in arm'd, Don Cæsar at their head, Fernando draws and stands before Victoria.*]

Banditti. This way!

Don Scipio. Oh, ruin! I'm a miserable old man! Where's now my son Don Cæsar, if I hadn't banish'd him, I shou'd now have a protector in my child.

Don Cæsar. Then you shall—Hold! (*to Banditti.*) My father! (*kneels to Don Scipio.*)

Don Scipio. How! My son Don Cæsar!

Don Cæsar. Yes, Sir—drove to desperation by—my follies were my own—but my vices—

Don Scipio. Were the consequence of my rigour—My child! let these tears wash away the remembrance.

Don

Don Caesar. My father! I am unworthy of this goodness—I confess ev'n now I entered the castle with an impious determination to extort by force.

Sanguino. Captain, we didn't come here to talk—Give the word for plunder.

Banditti. Aye, plunder! (*very tumultuous.*)

Don Caesar. Hold!

Spado. Aye, Captain, let's have a choice rumaging. (*cocks his pistol.*)

Pedrillo. Oh, Lord! there's the barrel-organ!

Don Caesar. Stop! hold! I command you.

Don Scipio. Oh, heav'ns! then is Ramirez the terrible Captain of the cut-throats, the grand tyger of the cave?—But all my fault! the unnatural parent should be punish'd in a rebellious child! My life is yours.

Don Caesar. And I'll preserve it as my own. Retire and wait your orders.

[*Exeunt all Banditti but Spado.*]

Don Scipio. What, then, you won't let me be murder'd. My dear boy! my darling! Forgive me! I, I, I pardon all.

Don Caesar. Then, Sir, I shall first beg it for my companions, if reclaim'd by the example of their leader, their future lives shew them worthy of mercy, if not, with mine let them be forfeit to the hand of justice.

Don Scipio. Some, I believe, may go up—Eh! little Spado, could you dance upon nothing?

Spado. Yes, Sir; but our captain, your son, must lead up the ball. (*Bows low.*)

Don Scipio. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you know though ill-bestow'd, I must try my interest at Madrid.

Madrid. Children, I ask you pardon; forgive me, Victoria! and take my blessing in return.

Victoria. And do you, Sir, acknowledge me for your child?

Don Scipio. I do, I do, and my future kindness shall make amends for my past cruelty.

Pedrillo. Ha, here comes my sposa—Eh! Got a beau already?

Enter ALPHONSO and LORENZA.

Don Caesar. My beloved Lorenza! (*Embrace.*)

Lorenza. My dearest.

Alphonso. My good captain! as I knew this lady only by the name of Victoria, you little imagined in your friendly promises to me, you were giving away your Lorenza; but, had I then known we both lov'd the same mistress, I should e'er now have relinquish'd my pretensions.

Lorenza. My good-natur'd Alphonso! Accept my gratitude, my esteem, but my love is, and ever was, in the possession of—

Don Caesar. Dear father, this is the individual lady whose beauty, grace, and angelic voice, captivated my soul at Florence; if she can abase her spotless mind to think upon a wretch stain'd with crimes accompany her pardon with your approbation.

Lorenza. My Caesar! let every look be forward to happiness.

AIR

AIR XXIV.

DUET.—CÆSAR and LORENZA.

*My soul, my life, my love ! how great !
 Sweet flow'r so long neglected,
 Our joys are rapture when we meet,
 A blessing unexpected.
 The envious clouds now chase away,
 Behold the radiant God of day,
 Arise with light eternal crown'd,
 To gild the glorious landscape round.*

Don Scipio. Isabel has been too good, and I too bad a parent ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! then fate has decreed you are to be my daughter, some way or other.

Pedrillo. Yes, but has fate decreed that my Spofa is to be another man's wife ?

Spado. And, Sir, (*to Scipio.*) if fate has decreed that your son is not to be hang'd, let the indulgence extend to the humblest of his followers. (*Bows low.*)

Don Scipio. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, tho' I believe you a great, little rogue, yet it seems you have been the instrument of bringing about things just as they shou'd be.

Don Juan. They are not as they shou'd be, and I tell you again, Don Scipio, I will have——

Don Scipio. Well, and shall have—a bottle of the best wine in Andalusia, sparkling Muscadel, bright as Victoria's eye, and sweet as Lorenza's lip ; hey, now for our brace of weddings—where are the violins, lutes, and cymbals ? I say let us be merry in future, and past faults, our good-humour'd friends will forget and forgive.

M

GLEE.

GLEE.—FINALE.

*Social powers at pleasure's call
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
Bacchus, Ceres, bless the feast,
Momus lend the sprightly jest,
Songs of joy elate the soul,
Hebe fill the rosy bowl,
Every chaste and dear delight,
Crown with joy this happy night.*

THE END.

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